

THE
GATE
WAY

199







THE GALAX

VOLUME IV



PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS OF DAVENPORT COLLEGE
LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA

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To

MR. J. L. NELSON

*As a small token of appreciation for his
faithful service rendered Daven-
port College while a member
of the Board of Trustees dur-
ing a period of almost
a quarter of a cen-
tury, this volume
is respectfully
dedicated*



MR. J. L. NELSON

Foreword of Editors

KIND FRIENDS, here is our Annual. Take it, read it, and criticize it,—as leniently as possible. Of course it has been our aim to get out a good Annual—one that you will enjoy when looking over its pages. We hope it will bring pleasant memories of the past to those connected with the school, and that it will give to those who are not an idea of what we do here in college.

We are grateful to all who in any way have helped in the preparation of this volume. Especially do we wish to thank Mamie Slagle, Lola Price, Sadie Downum, Annie Shepherd, Elizabeth Shepherd, and Jennie Osborne for so kindly making the pen-sketches for us.



Editors and Reporters

LIZZIE OSBORNE - - - - - *Editor-in-Chief*
PEARL ABERNETHY - - - - - *Business Manager*

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BRYTE BESS	JENNIE PRICE
FANNIE FAIN	MAMIE SLAGLE
ALMA HOLTZCLAW	LIZZIE WRENN
ELSIE LEFLER	SADIE DOWNUM



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MISS LUCILE GOODE,

(Davenport College)

Piano

MISS MAUDE RUSMISELL,

(W. Va. Wesleyan College, Ithaca Conservatory of Music, Baltimore

Peabody Conservatory)

Voice

The College Song

Let us join a glad refrain,
Let us make the welkin ring,
While old "Davenport" we praise.
Let the days be foul or clear,
We have nothing now to fear,
For life's roses bloom in happy college days.

Banded today in love we are,
Sadly at last will part;
Love with a kind and holy hand,
Locks memories in each heart.

In the coming days of life,
If earth's sorrows dim the light,
Let us all these memories keep;
May no tears of vain regret,
Hide fair visions from our sight,
While the notes of joy through every heart
shall sweep.

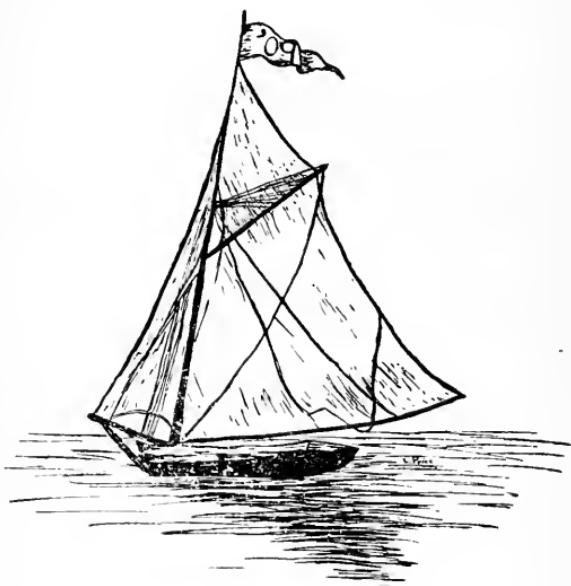
Banded at last in love we'll die,
Tho' we be far apart;
Love with a kind and holy hand
Locks memories in each heart;
Love with a kind and holy hand
Locks memories in my heart.



OUR PRESIDENT



The Classes



Senior Class

MOTTO

The hills are behind us, the mountains are beyond

FLOWER
Violet

COLORS
Old gold and black

YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
We are it! Who says no?
Rixy Rah! Rixy Rine!
Seniors! Seniors!! 1909!!!

OFFICERS

JENNIE PRICE	-	-	-	-	-	President
FANNIE FAIN	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
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ALMA HOLTZCLAW	-	-	-	-	-	Poet
PEARL ABERNETHY	-	-	-	-	-	Prophet



PEARL ABERNETHY

"I value Latin—none could prize it more"

Prophet of Senior Class '09

Business Manager of The Galax, '09

Critic and Censor of Henry Timrod Society, '09



SADIE DOWNUM

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"
Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class, '09
Treasurer of Junior Class, '08
Historian of Sophomore Class, '07
Secretary of Sidney Lanier society, '07



FANNIE FAIN

"I take possession of man's mind."

Vice-President of Senior Class, '09
President of Henry Timrod Society, '08
Vice-President of Freshman Class, '05
Vice-President of Sophomore Class, '06



ALMA HOLTZCLAW

"Judge thou me by what I am."
Poet of Senior Class, '09
Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '08
Vice-President of Henry Timrod Society, '09
Treasurer of Henry Timrod Society, '07



LIZZIE OSBORNE

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield"
Vice-President of Henry Timrod Society, '07
President of Henry Timrod Society, '09
President of Junior Class, '06
Historian of Senior Class, '09
Editor-in-chief of *The Galax*, '09
Secretary of Henry Timrod Society, '09



JENNIE PRICE

"I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

President of Senior Class, '09

Historian of Junior Class, '08

President of Henry Timrod Society, '09

Critic and Censor of Henry Timrod Society, '09



SADIE DOWNUM
Graduate in Piano and Elocution



CORRIE HONEYCUTT
Graduate in Piano



MAMIE SLAGLE and LOLA PRICE

Senior Class Poem

Our college days are coming to a close.
The time is drawing near when we must part,
But the future before us brightly glows
And we are glad, yea, glad with all our heart

That these long years of study will be o'er.
Yet there comes a feeling that makes us sad, --
Just think! The grand old times will be no more,
Which often in these sacred walls we've had.

Of all who joined beneath the green and white
When the four years' battle was first begun,
There now remain but six to end the fight,
To share the glory of the vict'ry won.

To the future now we turn our faces,
Inspired with hope and sure of great success.
As forward we go to take our places
In life, nothing shall daunt us, we confess.

So, daughters of Nineteen Hundred and Nine,
Let us ever strive with this goal in view:
That where'er we are, in whatever clime,
To our Alma Mater e'er to be true.

Dear old Davenport, now to thee, farewell!
Thy memory shall we always cherish.
May fame and honor with thee always dwell,
Thy noble influence never perish.

ALMA DEAN HOLTZCLAW.

Senior Class History

A CLASS history is always considered a joke; and there is no reason that it should not be. It would be too hard to write a real biography of each member and besides, this is not the historian's business. If we were to attempt to tell what people can and have judged for themselves, it would soon grow more than tiresome. In a place like this we generally know one's good deeds as well as their bad deeds. It is not then the serious side of the student's life that most of you wish to know, for you can turn to numerous books written on this line, and there find something both instructive and entertaining. Believing this, I have tried to give you a short sketch of each senior when not at work.

Pearl Abernethy is the "prophet" of the class; judge her for yourself. She is proud of the fact that she asks more questions than anyone in class, and never lets an opportunity pass when she can stump a teacher. On Zoology Pearl asked Miss McNut how far the snake-feeder could see. Miss McNutt replied, "I don't know, Pearl. I have never been a snake-feeder."

Pearl is an ardent admirer of the Latin language and believes that all inscriptions for tombstones should be written in that language.

Sadie Downum is a preacher's daughter; enough said. Sadie does all of her studying for Tuesday on Monday morning. Could anyone tell us why she does this?

It is reported that at the Junior reception last year, she was the cause of two young boys making their first appearance in society at Davenport.

The Ethics class certainly couldn't do without Sadie, although she did start at the back of the book to get her first lesson. No one in class makes her definitions as short as Sadie does; for example when asked to define "right," Sadie replied, "Right is right."

Fannie Fain is something; no one knows exactly what she is though. She is the author of a book on "How to make a Rise in Analytics," and is very fond of History. Anyone de-

siring to get advice or instruction in either of these studies can get it by asking Fannie.

Since Fannie finished English last year, she does not have to study it this year. She tries to help the others who have so much trouble with it. One day the English class was complaining because they had to memorize one of Shakespeare's sonnets. Fannie, always ready to lend assistance to anyone, spoke up: "If I were you all I would get a book with all his sonnets in it and memorize the shortest one."

Alma Holsclaw was a little green when she first came to College. No traces of it are to be seen now. She came to College to prepare for Matrimony. She has the blues when she thinks of being so far from *him*. She constantly writes poetry. A sample of her verse may be interesting:

"I go to school
So I won't be a fool;
I hate the teachers
But I love the preachers."

It has been her highest ambition to go to conference. She says she enjoys seeing the preachers.

Jennie Price is the father of the class. May blessings rest on her ancient head. She says she thinks herself to have the most student-like appearance in class.

Jennie belongs to the chorus class and can get as much music out of one note as she can out of another. Since she had her picture made for the Annual, she seems to be "picture crazy." She has supplied each of her friends with one and has plenty more to dispose of. Friends! Now is your opportunity. *Carpe diem.*"

I could not expect this History to meet with the approval of the class without I made mention of the work they have done during the year. To make it plainer I will give you a statement of our account as it stands on the college ledger to-day:

Trial Balance of Senior Class—May 27th 1908

Dr.

English Composition	3000
Hist. and Lit. Note Books	60
Poetry memorized, yds.,	10
Vols. of Latin Prose	4
Vols. of Science	6
Sleep lost by early rising, hrs.	200
Headaches from overwork	500

Graduate

Cr.

Additional Brain weight oz.	6
Common Sense, grs.	5
Senior Privileges	2
Diplomas Due	6

Graduate

LIZZIE OSBORNE



Prophecy of the Senior Class

JT was a hot summer afternoon, and being very tired from my days work, I lay down in my hammock under the shade of the trees to rest. I was thinking of by-gone days—of the time when I was in school at Davenport. I wondered where all my class-mates were. I hadn't seen or heard from any of them for quite a while. Thinking of these things, I fell asleep, and soon a tiny little fairy came to me and said, "It has been just exactly twenty-five years today since you left school; would you not like to see all your class-mates once more? I am to be away from Fairyland only a little while, but if you will hurry, I think I can give you a glimpse of them all." She then gave me a pair of wings and we went flying away through the summer air. Soon we were before an immense building. When I asked why we had stopped here, the little fairy told me that this was Davenport College, where I had spent my school days. And, after looking again, I recognized it; the large columns were still in front of the main building, but the building itself was much larger than when I had seen it last; there were also several buildings for the different departments. There were many pretty walks, and a more beautiful campus I have never seen. I wanted to go through all the buildings, but we could not tarry. Just as we were about to fly away, I saw a very sedate looking lady passing along one of the walks. All the girls that met her bowed with the greatest respect. Had I not seen that face before? Yes, it was Jennie Price, the President of our class of 1909. She looked much older and wiser, and even more dignified than in former years. Then the fairy told me that Jennie had been Lady Principal of Davenport for ten years and that this school had been more prosperous under her management than ever before.

We left the college and, after going about five miles, I heard a familiar voice calling chickens. I looked and saw a large, strong looking woman in a farm yard with a flock of chickens around her. "And who is this?" I asked my guide. "Do you not remember Sadie Downum?" she

said. I said then that it was Sadie—changed, but still fair. I was very much surprised to find her at this farm house, for I rather expected to see her in some famous Art gallery. She had taught music for awhile and had painted many beautiful pictures also, but five years after her graduation, a wealthy farmer sought her hand and she gave up her music, art, and many other accomplishments and became his wife.

I was anxious to see our Historian and Editor-in-chief of The Galax—Lizzie Osborne. I found her in New York City in her library, amid the turmoil of the city, surrounded by books and papers. There was a thoughtful look on her face as she walked to and fro, dictating to her stenographer. The same Lizzie—grown older, but still young of face. The fairy told me that, after her graduation at Radcliffe with the highest honors, she had made an extensive tour through Europe and that on her return to America, she had become one of the country's most famous authors. She seemed very happy and forgetful of other interests in her chosen calling.

We came back to North Carolina and stopped before a little house, near a church, evidently a parsonage. It was situated among the Blue Ridge mountains and was a lovely place. Through one of the windows of this house, I saw a tall, black-haired woman whom I felt sure I had seen somewhere before. Beside her was a large, handsome man. They were looking over the pages of a green book which brought back memories of 1909. I asked my guide to tell me about this couple. She replied, "You knew this woman as Alma Holtzclaw. She and her husband are reading an Annual which their daughter has just brought home from Davenport where she graduated." Then I remembered that Alma had always said she would either give her life to writing poetry or marry a Methodist preacher. She had succeeded in doing the latter only a few years after leaving school, but had never been known to write any poetry since 1909 when she was our Class Poet.

There was one more member to see—Fannie Fain. I knew that her early life had been spent in breaking hearts. When we came to a large hospital, I saw a busy looking woman passing from one ward to another, giving orders.

This woman's face showed marks of worry and care, her hair was streaked with gray. I heard two doctors talking together of some one whom I knew must be Fannie. I couldn't understand all they said, but what I heard was this: "I am afraid that we are going to lose our head nurse. She has been with us for twelve years and if she does go away it will be a loss indeed. I don't think we can ever get any body to fill the place as Miss Fain has. You remember the man who was brought here some time ago so badly injured. It seems that he is an old sweetheart of hers and, after their long separation, from some cause which I have not yet been able to find out, they are to be married."

When I awoke the sun was setting behind the mountains and my little fairy had left me.

PEARL MAY ABERNETHY.







JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

MOTTO

To be rather than to seem

COLOR
Black and red

FLOWER
Red Carnation

YELL

Hokie! Spoke! dokie! dee!
Juniors, Juniors of old D. C!
Hickity! Spickity, Dicky! den!
Seniors, Seniors 1910!

OFFICERS

LOUISE ARTHUR	-	-	-	-	President
KATY YORK	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
PAULINE PHILLIPS	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer
REBECCA SMITH	-	-	-	-	Historian

MEMBERS

LOUISE ARTHUR	PAULINE PHILLIPS
SALLIE COPPEDGE	NORA PEGUES
MAMIE HOOVER	REBECCA SMITH
JULIA KENT	BESS WIDENHOUSE
LENA LEFLER	IRENE WELLS
META MCGHEE	LIZZIE WRENN
HAZEL MCADAMS	KATY YORK

Junior Class History

THREE years ago when we first came to Davenport as Freshmen, we brought with us a strong determination to win, and to win gloriously. Although we were the target at which all jokes were aimed, and though we seemed insignificant and were called "fresh" yet this determination never quite left us, even if we were discouraged at times.

It stayed with us even in the frivolities of our Sophomore year, and now, since we are Juniors, we find ourselves with hands full of work, but with hearts full of the same determined spirit which characterized the first class of which we were members at Davenport.

As we look back over the years we have spent in searching for that great thing called Knowledge; as we see ourselves now still searching and climbing ever towards the same great goal; as we look into the future and see at last Knowledge standing before us holding out to us her hands full of garlands, and saying with smiling lips: "you have won!" is it then strange that we should be proud? We are proud (not vain), we have cause to be. We have a class of fourteen members, and we work in harmony.

Though we are still far from the goal of our ambition, yet we are patiently trying to do the work of to-day as it should be done, realizing that we must have a firm basis upon which to do the work of to-morrow.

REBECCA SMITH





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

MOTTO

No Labor, No Crown

COLORS

Light Blue and Gold

FLOWERS

Forget-me-nots

YELL

Boom-a-laca, boom-a-laca
Sis boom ba, bim-a-laca
Bim-a-laca—Rah, rah, rah
Boom-a-laca, boom-a-laca
Who are we?

the 1911 of D. F. C.

OFFICERS

MARY BELLE ASHE	-	-	-	-	-	President
LUCY KING	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
IVA ERWIN	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
EUNICE PARKER	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
MAUDE ELLIOTT	-	-	-	-	-	Historian

MEMBERS

MARY BELLE ASHE	BESSIE KING
BEULAH BROCK	PEARL MINISH
TOMMIE BABER	IVA MCINTOSH
FANNIE CARPENTER	ELIZABETH PENN
BESSIE CARPENTER	EUNICE PARKER
GERTRUDE COURTNEY	ETHEL PRICE
IVA ERWIN	ZONA STROUP
MAUDE ELLIOTT	NELLIE SHEPPARD
CLARA FOARD	MINNIE SUTHERLAND
MYRA HERMAN	ROSE STACY
LAURA HENKLE	MAMIE SHARP
SALLIE IVEY	ETHEL LONG
LUCY KING	ELSIE LEPLER

History of the Sophomore Class

THE Sophomore class of nineteen hundred and nine is destined to be one of the greatest classes that Davenport has ever produced. We have twenty-six members in our class, all of whom are remarkably bright considering their advanced ages.

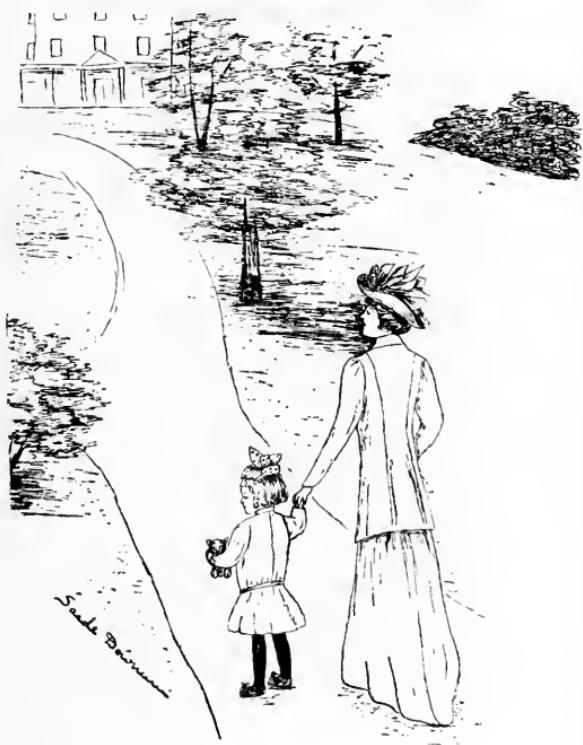
We make a specialty of our English work and have made excellent grades on all our work in this line. By studying the lives of great men we have been inspired to climb the ladder of fame so that we will live long after our bodies have returned to dust.

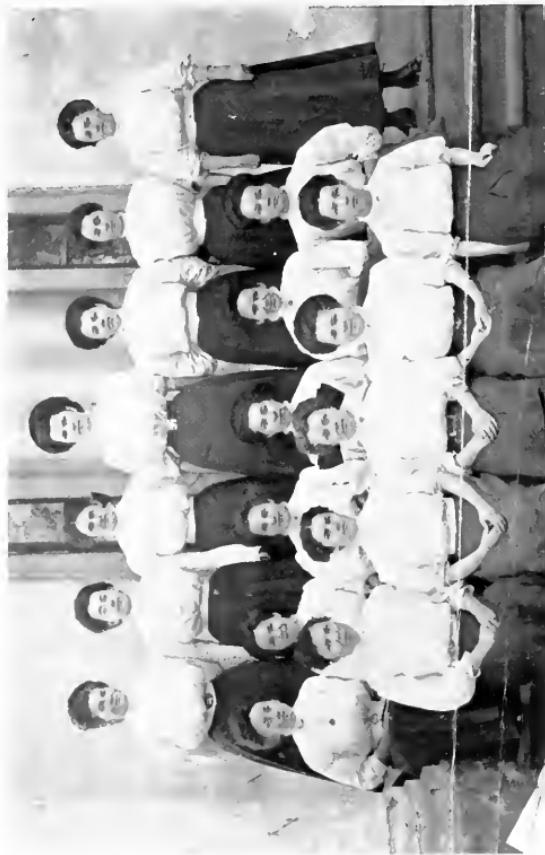
We also have several evidences to prove that we are the best class in school. The Juniors are trying to get on the good side of us. The Freshmen are trying to imitate us, and the Seniors even have humbled themselves as much as to ask us to solve quadratic Equations for them.

One of our brightest girls who is always ready to ask Dr. Weaver something on Bible recitation wanted to know who was the father of Zebedee's children. Our president is very fond of Latin and has a great desire to know as much about it as our Lady Principal, so she is still digging over Collar and Daniel's Latin Grammar.

The other members of our class, with the motto, "no Labor no crown," stamped on their minds are trying to seek a greater reward than a diploma or medal at Old Davenport. We are all laboring so that when the final day comes we will hear the Lord say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MAUDE ELLIOTT





FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

MOTTO

We will find a way or make one

COLOR

Old Rose and Gold

FLOWER

Pink Carnation

YELL

Hickory! Dickory! Stickety ree!
Rickety! Rickety! Who are we!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
of old D. C. !!

OFFICERS

MAMIE MILLER	-	-	-	-	-	President
BRYTE BESS	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
SUCY JORDAN	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
VALLIE FIEMSTER	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
MABLE CLYDE	-	-	-	-	-	Historian

MEMBERS

BRYTE BESS	MARION LONG
KANSAS BYERS	MAMIE MILLER
LULA BELLE BLACK	ALICE MILLER
MABLE CLYDE	IDA MILLER
BEULAH CLYNE	LEE NORA ODOM
BLANCH EVANS	VIRGINIA PATTERSON
VALLIE FIEMSTER	INEZ RUDISILL
OCTA GOODSON	MABLE THOMPSON
OLLIE GANT	PEARL WHISNANT
CORA KETNER	

Freshman Class History

AS a usual thing, a historian of a class claims that the class she represents is the greatest the world ever produced, and she asserts that it has and will do wonders! Now, we, the Freshmen of nineteen hundred and nine do not claim any such honor. We are only jolly, fun-loving girls—always ready to break some rule and again ready to melt into tears, so sincere is our repentance—if we happen to be caught.

But you must not think that we are little insignificant creatures, too timid and babyish to do any work, for we are really quite a remarkable class.

That we can do 'most any thing we try, has been proved this year by the fact that we have reversed the usual order of things and humbled the bold, proud Sophs so that they now speak the name of a Freshman with awe and reverence and do not dare utter a word against our class.

As for our literary accomplishments! Well! Just ask Dr. Weaver. Naturally, we are very modest, so we do not presume to tell you of the many compliments he has showered upon us—lest the other classes get jealous.

We leave as a legacy to the next year's Freshmen, our indomitable will and courage to overcome all obstacles and to "Find a way, or make one."

MABEL B. CLYDE.

Special Class



SPECIAL CLASS

Special Class

MOTTO

Blessed is the woman who has found her work

FLOWER
Marcheil Neil Rose

COLORS
Navy Blue and Gold

YELL
Yackity! Yackity!
Sis! boom! ba!
Specials! Specials!
Ra! ra! ra! !

OFFICERS

MAMIE SLAGLE	-	-	-	-	-	President
GRACE WOODWARD	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
MARGARET ROGERS	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
MAE KING	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
GLADYS McCANLESS	-	-	-	-	-	Class Reader
ELIZABETH SHEPHERD	-	-	-	-	-	Class Artist
ELOISE RUDISILL	-	-	-	-	-	Class Musician
ELLEN ANDREWS	-	-	-	-	-	Historian

MEMBERS

ELLEN ANDREWS	ELOISE RUDISILL
DOLORESE CASSELLS	MARGARET ROGERS
HELOISE CORNWELL	CLARA RICHARDSON
MARGIE FAIN	PANSY SUMNER
ALMA GOODE	ELIZABETH SHEPHERD
GENEVA GARDIN	ANNIE SHEPAERD
JOSIE HEMBY	MAMIE SLAGLE
MAE KING	LOIS STEELE
MAMIE MARTIN	CLAUDE TEETER
GLADYS McCANLESS	GRACE WOODARD
BESS OWENBY	ALICE WOOD
JENNIE OSBORNE	MASIE McGINN
LOLA PRICE	LILLIE McGINN
OLIE RIPPLE	

Special Class History

JIN preparing this class history I have read a number of other ones in search of one that would fit the class of 1909, but have been forced to the conclusion that a history will have to be made to order for this heterogeneous set of girls. When we organized our class in the year 1908 we had only eighteen members, now we have grown to thirty in number. We have grown in grace, beauty and ability also till we feel that we are the "most special" class at Davenport.

There are so many things that might be said of this class that I cannot say much, but it may be of interest to note some of the faults and virtues of those who make up this class.

The first names on my list are Mamie Dickey Slagle and Lola Price. They are distinguishing themselves in Art, and are the only seniors in our class, which fact causes them to feel their importance. Our school will suffer a great loss by not having them with us next year, but Davenport's loss will be Chataqua, New York's gain. At least that is the impression that is left from their conversations.

Margaret Launa Rogers is exceedingly studious. Though somewhat dignified, she is loved by all.

Gladys Margaret McCanless bids fair to become famous in Expression. But she often neglects her work in this to count the days, yes, even the hours and minutes until she can go home to her mamma.

Alice Carey Wood might accomplish something if she would only stay away from the photographers long enough, but, alas! she thinks it her duty to provide each member of this institution with a likeness of herself, (for the bottom of their trunks, I suppose.)

Eloise Tulula Rudisill is the musician of our class. She evidently believes that "Silence is golden." Though her schoolmates say they have actually heard her voice as many as half a dozen times during her stay with us. Great is the pity that these words were not taken down at the time, so

that they might be recorded in this history.

Ollie May Ripple makes letter-writing a specialty, and has been very successful, except when through mistake she sent John's letter to her mamma and her mamma's letter to John.

Pansy Sumner, the flower of the class, may usually be found pouring over a dime novel. If not at this she is spending the time in efforts to beautify her *abundance* of hair.

Emma Mae King devotes her time to painting—pictures I mean. She is fond of studying history too, especially that part concerning Robert E. Lee.

Alma Kate King is making a desperate effort to become a famous vocalist, but, alas! too much of her time is spent in sleeping.

Annie Leah Shepherd's time while among us has been spent in painting horses. She might be termed the Rosa Bonheur of the class.

Sarah Elizabeth Shepherd is the portrait painter of the Art class.

Mary Grace Woodward's most pronounced characteristic is her cheerful disposition. I am sure the Annual would have sold more readily had her likeness appeared on its pages; but before the pictures were taken she had to leave us to spend a while in Morganton—not in a hospital, however, though she has been in a deep study for some time trying to decide whether her future home shall be in Statesville or Lenoir.

Dolores Helen Cassells is very fond of playing the piano. She also has a great habit of neglecting her practice periods and stealing away to the library where she will stay for hours pouring over some of Adam Bede's works.

In the fertile soil of Davenport's broad campus there has grown and flourished a "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," a variety scientifically known as Jennie Gertrude Osborne. It is a rare specimen, the most peculiar characteristic being that its hue at critical moments deepens to a violet red. So rare it is that Miss Parker deems it worthy to be examined occasionally under her all-searching eye.

Clara Ellington Richardson takes life easy. "Nothing ever worries her, nothing ever hurries her." She believes

all things come to those who wait, and several five-pound boxes of candy have come to her.

Claude Amelia Teeter and Polly D. Woodham have spent most of their time in changing their rooms and room-mates.

Clyde W. Lynch, Laura Louise Lynch, Alma L. Goode and Julia Lois Steele are so opposed to their middle names appearing in public that they asked for them not to be put down. Anyway, time means money, so let us waste no more on them.

Should this gifted class of 1909 fail to win recognition in the years that are to come, the fault will not be ours, for we are one and all determined "To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

ELLEN WESLEY ANDREWS.



In Memoriam

MR. M. E. SHELL

DIED

February 21, 1909

[REDACTED]

BONNIE BEALL REID

DIED

March 17, 1909

[REDACTED]

The Battle of Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time, there was a college president who did not want his girls to wear rats, curl their hair nor put paint and powder on their faces. One night after he had made a talk at prayers and abused them most unmercifully, they all decided to avenge themselves of the terrible wrongs the president had inflicted upon them. Accordingly, after all the girls had gone to bed and were fast asleep, the toilet accessories all jumped down from the dressers, where they had been put for the night, and held a conference. Finally it was decided that the powders should summon the others to fight him. So they met in the art room, and went down Taylor, Russmisell and Parker Halls and so on, visiting all the rooms. In some rooms they found almost an army, but when they went to Pansy and Margie's room they found no rats; however, the dime novels all rose up in great excitement, saying that he had abused them more than anything else, and that they wanted to take this opportunity to avenge themselves. The soldiers, being a kind of decent little folk, would not allow such creatures as dime novels in their army, but still they insisted, saying they could do him more harm than any of the others if they only could get a hold on him. They could poison his mind so that he would not be fit for a servant in a college. Now this was a great temptation, but they resisted, partly from fear of defeat, knowing that they could not gain the victory with such filthy creatures in the army. So the dime novel tribe betook themselves to their abode in great rage. Then some more of the president's enemies rose up and wanted to go, but the soldiers marched bravely out, leaving them in a towering rage. They went to Byers' and Elliott's rooms, calling so loudly for rats that these two demure damsels got up and scattered them out.

While the solemn silence of midnight was over all the earth, and every creature except misery, night-hawks and guilty consciences, were asleep, they marched down to the president's house, after a ceremony, each taking oath to kill him or make him promise never to persecute them again.



"HERE THEY WERE IN A QUANDARY"

General Massage Cream Jar was in the lead, stately and dignified; next in order was the knight Mennen's Talcum Powder, the noble cold cream, and then the common soldiers, rats, pins, combs, etc. At last they arrived at the president's bed room window, which was up and the shutters open. Here they were in a quandary. How to get in without disturbing his wife was more than they could tell; for, as we have intimated before, they are woman's best friends.

General Massage Cream Jar looked at his soldiers for advice. They soon arrived at a conclusion and crept stealthily into the room and found the good president fast asleep and snoring musically. They took hair ribbons, switches and curls and bound him fast to his bed without arousing him in the least. Then they all began tormenting him; they stamped him, stuck him with stick-pins and hat pins, and at last he awoke much wounded.

For a long time he was obstinate and would not beg to them, but they poured massage cream down his throat, and put it on him, put powder in his eyes and ears, poured perfume on him, put red paint on his face and hair dye on his hair, and Lord Curling Iron curled it up into little wiry kinks. At this time his wife's toilet articles arrived to help them.

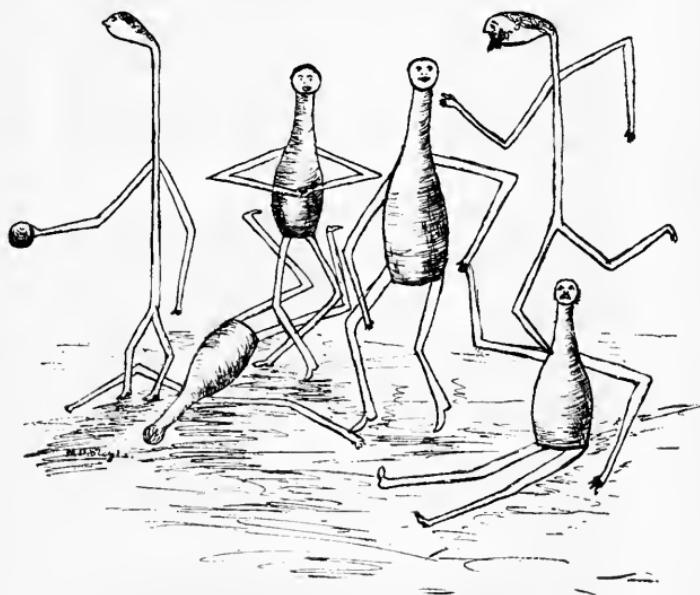
Now this was more than the good president could bear, and, thinking he surely would be killed, begged desperately for his life, promising never to abuse them again. At this they released him and went back to their respective places of abode.

From that day till this he has never fully recovered from the sad defeat. His hair is still curly, and, from the effects of the dye, has not become gray to these many years. He is fat and clumsy, and sometimes lame, and his face still turns red at times.

But at this time he is a dearly beloved college president, with a smiling face and a jolly, pleasant word for everyone.

ELIZABETH SHEPHERD.

Clubs and Organizations



Henry Timrod Literary Society

MOTTO
Fiat lux

FLOWER
Daisy

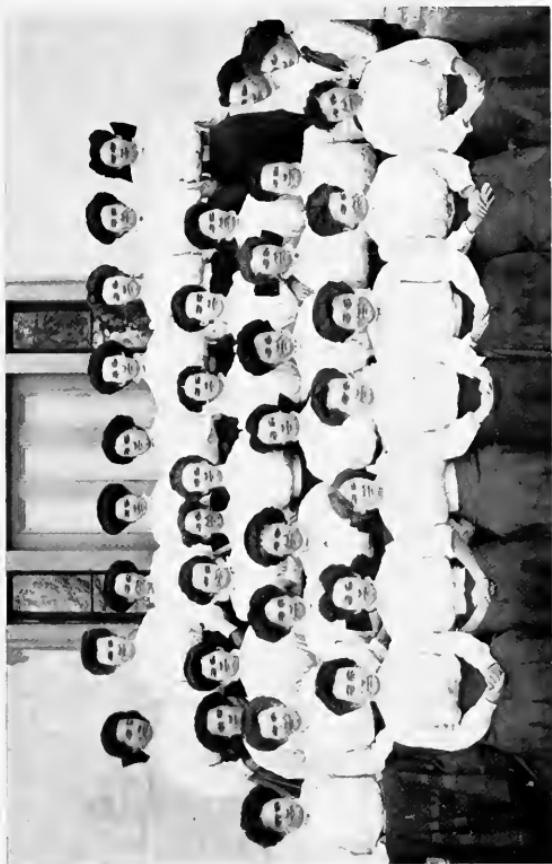
COLORS
Yellow and White

OFFICERS

ELLEN ANDREWS	-	-	-	President
CORRIE HONEYCUTT	-	-	-	Vice-President
LIZZIE OSBORNE	-	-	-	Secretary
ROSE STACY	-	-	-	Treasurer
PEARL ABERNETHY	-	-	-	Critic and Censor
JENNIE OSBORNE	-	-	-	Hall Marshal
BESSIE KING	-	-	-	Chaplain

MEMBERS

ELLEN ANDREWS	ROBENA McINTOSH
PEARL ABERNETHY	ALICE MILLER
TOMMIE BABER	MASIE MCGINN
BRYTE BESS	LILLIE MCGINN
KANSAS BYERS	META MCGHEE
LULA BELLE BLACK	MAMIE MARTIN
HELOISE CORNWELL	STELLA MCGHEE
MABEL CLYDE	GLADYS McCANLESS
BESS CARPENTER	LIZZIE OSBORNE
DOLORESE CASSELLS	JENNIE OSBORNE
FANNIE FAIN	LOLA PRICE
ALMA GOODE	JENNIE PRICE
OCTA GOOGSON	ETHEL PRICE
LAURA HENKLE	NORA PEGUES
CORRIE HONEYCUTT	VIRGINIA PATTERSON
JOSIE HEMBY	ELIZABETH PENN
ALMA HOLTZCLAW	ELOISE RUDISILL
MYRA HERMAN	INEZ RUDISILL
LILLIAN HARRILL	ROSE STACY
ALMA KING	MINNIE SUTHERLAND
BESSIE KING	ZONA STROUP
LUCY KING	CLAUDE TEETER
LENA LEFLER	IRENE WELLS
ELSIE LEFLER	ALICE WOOD
ETHEL LONG	KATIE YORK
IVY McINOSH	



HENRY TIMROD LITERARY SOCIETY



Sidney Lanier Literay Society

MOTTO

Loyalty, Fraternity, Fidelity

FLOWER
Red Rose

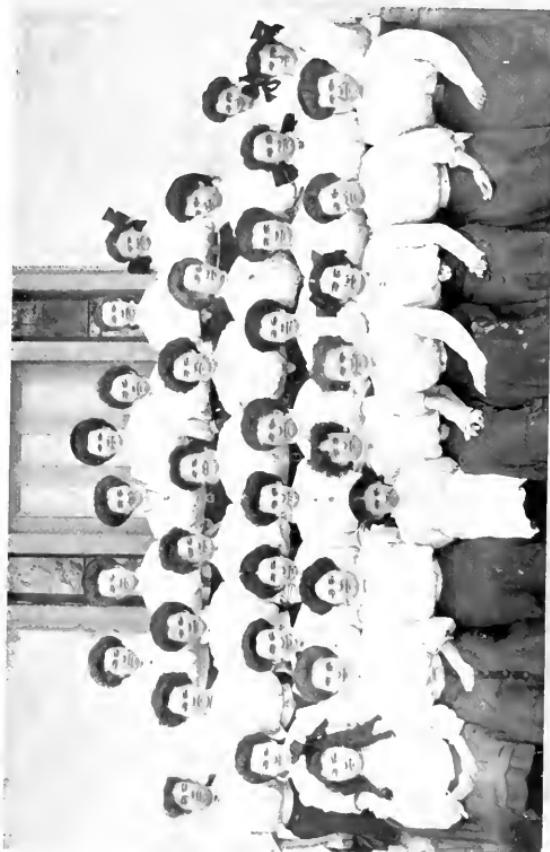
COLORS
Red and White

OFFICERS

GRACE WOODWARD	-	-	-	-	President
PAULINE PHILLIPS	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
EUNICE PARKER	-	-	-	-	Secretary
MARGARET ROGERS	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
IVA ERVIN	-	-	-	-	Critic and Censor
SALLIE COPPEDGE	-	-	-	-	Chaplain
LUCY JORDAN	-	-	-	-	Hall Marshal

MEMBERS

LOUISE ARTHUR	LEE NORA ODOM
MARY BELLE ASHE	EUNICE PARKER
BEULAH BROCK	PAULINE PHILLIPS
NANNIE BAILEY	DINAH REID
BERTHA BAILEY	MARGARET ROGERS
SALLIE COPPEDGE	CLARA RICHARDSON
FANNIE CARPENTER	OLLIE RIPPLE
SADIE DOWNUM	LOIS STEELE
GERTRUDE COURTNEY	MAMIE SHARPE
MAUDE ELLIOT	PANSEY SUMNER
IVA ERVIN	MAMIE SLAGLE
CLARA FOARD	BESSIE STORIE
VALLIE FIEMSTER	NELLIE SHEPHERD
GENEVA GARDIN	REBECCA SMITH
OLLIE GANT	MANIE TEETER
MAMIE HOOVER	LIZZIE WRENN
SALLIE IVEY	POLLY WOODHAM
LUCY JORDAN	LOUISE LYNCH
JULIA KENT	GRACE WOODWARD
CORA KETNER	CLYDE LYNCH
MARION LONG	MABEL THOMPSON
PEARL MINISH	HAZEL McADAMS
RENA MUNDAY	



SIDNEY LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY



"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."



Y. W. C. A. Officers

MAMIE SLAGLE	-	-	-	-	President
LOUISE ARTHUR	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
MARGARET ROGERS	-	-	-	-	Recording Secretary
ALMA HOLTZCLAW	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
EUNICE PARKER	-	-	-	-	Corresponding Secretary
TOMMIE BABER	-	-	-	-	Chm. of Devotional Com.
GRACE WOODWARD	-	-	-	-	Chm. Social Committee
JENNIE PRICE	-	-	-	-	Chm. Missionary Com.



Officers of Missionary Society

GRACE WOODWARD	-	-	-	President
LOUISE ARTHUR	-	-	-	Vice-President
MAMIE SLAGLE	-	-	-	Secretary
TOMMIE BABER	-	-	-	Treasurer
MISS WRENN	-	-	-	Lady Manager

Agnes - Alice - Frances

Thalian Dramatic Club

MOTTO

Italia Trans Alpes Patet

COLOR

Royal purple and white

FLOWER

Narcissus

OFFICERS

KATY YORK	-	-	-	-	President
MAE KING	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
GLADYS McCANLESS	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
CLYDE LYNCH	-	-	-	-	Secretary

MEMBERS

KATY WELLS YORK	CLAUDE A. TEETER
EMMA MAE KING	Laura Louise Lynch
GLADYS McCANLESS	SADIE K. DOWNUM
MARION S. LONG	ALICE WOOD
CLYDE WINSTEAD LYNCH	



THALIAN DRAMATIC CLUB

Art Class

MOTTO

A purpose is the eternal condition of success

FLOWER

Pansy

COLOR

Purple and gold

OFFICERS

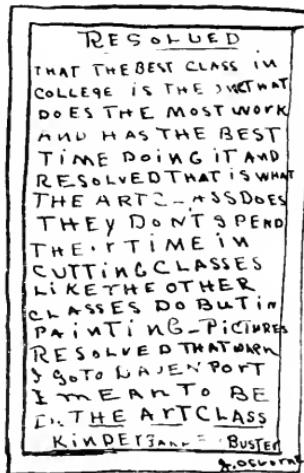
LOLA PRICE	-	-	-	-	-	President
MINNIE SUTHERLAND	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
MAE KING	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary & Treasurer
JENNIE OSBORNE	-	-	-	-	-	Historian

MEMBERS

ELLEN ANDREWS	MISS CARRIE RUSMISELL
DOUGLASS BERNHARDT	MARGARET ROGERS
MATT BERNHARDT	CLARA RICHARDSON
MRS. CRADDOCK	MISS RUMISELL
SADIE DOWNUM	MAMIE SLAGLE
LIZZIE FULLER	LOIS STEELE
MAUDE HARTLEY	ELIZABETH SHEPHERD
MAMIE HOOVER	ANNIE SHEPHERD
MAE KING	MINNIE SUTHERLAND
LOUISE LYNCH	CLAUDE TEETER
MRS. NUNVAR	Ida WILEY
JENNIE OSBORNE	MISS WRENN
LOLA PRICE	JAMES WEAVER, JR.



ART CLASS





T. C. A. Club

MOTTO

Never leave when you can stay

FLOWER

Violet

COLORS

Dark blue and white

HOURS OF OPERATION

When others are asleep

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH PENN	-	-	-	President
STELLA McGHEE	-	-	-	Vice-President
LOIS STEELE	-	-	-	Secretary
CLARA FOARD	-	-	-	Treasurer
LOUISE LYNCH	-	-	-	Guard
ALMA GOODE	-	-	-	Manager



Country Cousins

MOTTO

*As the wind listeth whither it bloweth
So we talketh wherever we goeth*

FLOWER

Sunflower

COLORS

*Blue, green, yellow, pink,
red, purple, gray, etc.*

FAVORITE DRINK

Dishwater

AIM

To visit our city cousins

MEMBERS

JENNIE OSBORNE

ALMA KING

ALICE WOOD



South Carolina Club

MOTTO

While I live I hope

FLOWER
Chrysanthemum

COLORS
Blue and gold

MEMBERS

NORA PEGUES

POLLY WOODHAM

DOLORESE CASSELLS

F. S. P. Club

MOTTO

Laugh and the world laughs with you

FLOWER
Johny-jump-up

COLORS
Old gold and navy blue

SONG—*We ain't afraid to go home in the dark*

PLACE OF MEETING—*Where least expected*

PASS-WORD—*Show me the way to go home*

OFFICERS

"WHITIE SHARPE"	-	-	-	-	President
"GOODIE LYNCH"	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
"SASSIE JORDAN"	-	-	-	-	Secretary
"JINKS OSBORNE"	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

MEMBERS

"BIRDIE" WRENN	"JACK" MCADAMS
"REDDIE" MCGHEE	"REGGIE" PHILLIPS
"WHITIE" SHARPE	"SASSIE" JORDAN
"DUMPIE" HEADEN	"JINKS" OSBORNE
"GOODIE" LYNCH	"BILL" HOOVER



F. S. P. CLUB

P. N. O. Club

MOTTO

MOTTO
Safety lies in silence and in sticking to the perch.

FLOWER
The twelve o'clock

COLORS

PASS-WORD
"dnewoo chprea"

FAVORITE DISH

YELL

Who = who = who = let's slight!

Now we are in for a jolly night!

Chic-a-lic-a boom'

Who—who—ho!

We are the happy P. N. O.

AIM—To keep away from the cat.

PLACE OF MEETING—*Don't you wish you knew?*

TIME OF MEETING: - *Promptly at the call of the eagle.*

OFFICERS

BESS WIDENHOUSE	"Grand Hoot"
MYRA HERMAN	"Screech"
META McGHEE	"Spectacle"
KATIE YORK	"Eagle"

MEMBERS

BESS WIDENHOUSE MARION LONG
PAULINE PHILLIPS STELLA MCGHEE
ZONA STROUP MYRA HERMAN
NORA PEGUES HELOMIA CORNWELL
META MCGHEE KATIE YORK



P. N. O. CLUB





MOTTO

Macon Forever

FLOWER

Violet

COLORS

Lavender and white

YELL

Macon, Macon, nineteen-nine!

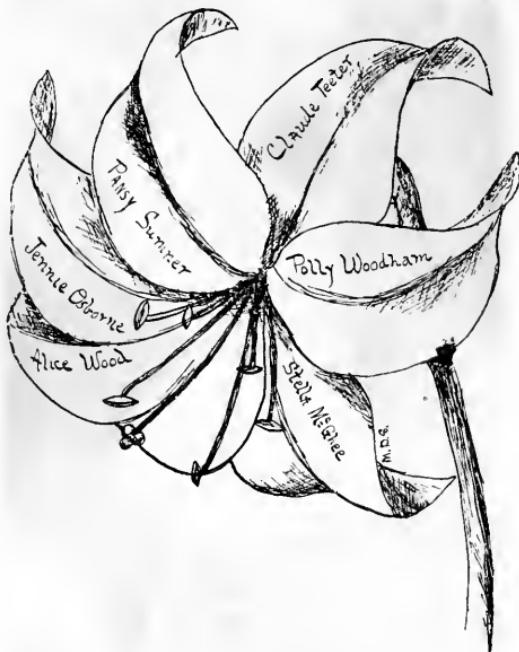
OFFICERS

MAMIE SLAGLE	-	-	-	-	President
MARGARET ROGERS	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
REBECCA SMITH	-	-	-	-	Secretary
MARY BELLE ASHE	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

MEMBERS

MAMIE SLAGLE	MARGARET ROGERS
LOUISE ARTHUR	MISS NORWOOD
MARY BELLE ASHE	MISS CARR
REBECCA SMITH	

Lily Club



"They toil not, neither do they spin."



Lily Club



"They toil not neither do they spin





Athletics

Tennis Club

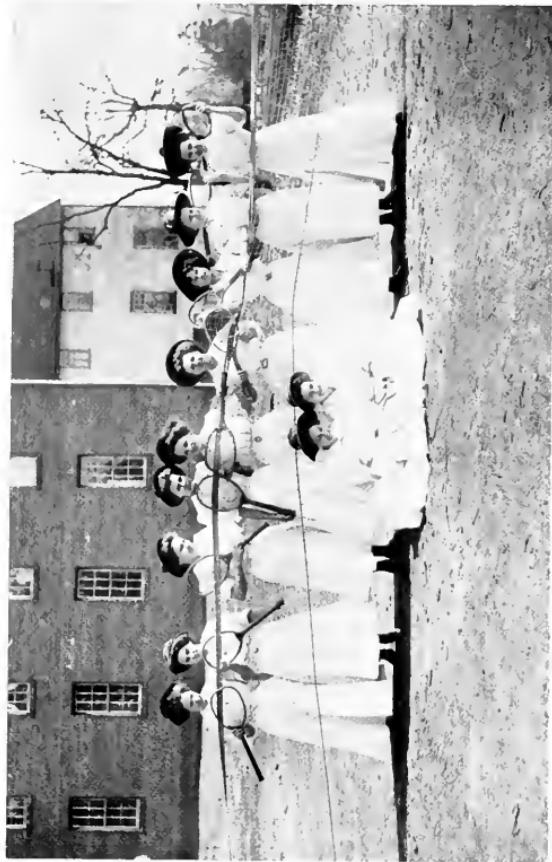
COLORS
White and Black

OFFICERS

FANNIE FAIN	-	-	-	-	President
CLARA FOARD	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
EUNICE PARKER	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

MEMBERS

CLARA FOARD	EUNICE PARKER
FANNIE FAIN	REBECCA SMITH
LOUISE LYNCH	LOIS STEELE
HAZEL MCADAMS	LIZZIE WRENN
ELYZABETH PENN	FOLLY WOODHAM
JENNIE PRICE	



TENNIS CLUB

Captains of Basket Ball Teams

MARY BELLE ASHE	-	-	-	Captain of "Pleiades"
ELLEN ANDREWS	-	-	-	Captain of "Invincible"
HAZEL McADAMS	-	-	-	Captain of "The Winners"
TOMMIE BABER	-	-	-	Captain of "Excelsior"
GLADYS MCCANLESS	-	-	-	Captain of "Superior"
BESS CARPENTER	-	-	-	Captain of "Beau-nots"
ALMA GOODE	-	-	-	Captain of "X Y Z"
LUCY KING	-	-	-	Captain of "The Dixie"
JENNIE OSBORNE	-	-	-	Captain of "Lucky Six"
PAULINE PHILLIPS	-	-	-	Captain of "Orion"
PANSY SUMNER	-	-	-	Captain of "Tiger"



CAPTAINS OF BASKET BALL TEAMS



REBECCA SMITH and ALICE WOOD



Address to Undergraduates

Friends, Teachers, Classmates, and most particularly Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen:

As we, the class of nineteen hundred and nine, are about to bid our schoolmates farewell, we wish first to give to you the benefit of some of our greater knowledge. We know that you are younger and less experienced than we are, and having walked a rocky road ourselves, we are going to see what we can do to make yours smoother. In our experiences we have picked up many little tricks which are often useful to us, and as a proof of our unselfishness we are going to pass them on to you. Perchance there may be a morning when, owing to a previous night of dissipation, your lessons may not be as firmly fixed in your minds as usual and some device is needed to smooth over the rough places and hide your sad ignorance. As to the way of doing this, we now give you some parting advice:

First, we would warn you always to have your quotation. This is positively essential to your peace of mind. Although such quotations as " 'Tis long since I have seen a man" are often true and appropriate, they do not meet the exacting demands of our English teacher. Occasionally we bring up such quotations as "Do women die of broken hearts?" If we carefully arrange so that every member of the class will have a different opinion, we may stay the fire of questions somewhat. It shocks her to hear us flatly contradict one another and she needs must settle the matter before continuing the lesson.

Our History teacher is sometimes easy to get around and sometimes very difficult. If we can only arrange to have the phone ring once in every five minutes, we are in no immediate danger. He is very considerate of the ignorant and will gladly excuse us if "we are unable to read." In fact, he has found us so ignorant in some ways that he really expected us to start in our books from the back, since he is sure we would learn as much. We are very lucky if a wagon

of freight drives up about lesson time, for then the period passes off serenely.

Our Latin teacher is never to be side-tracked. She relentlessly inquires as to the construction and derivation of every word in the lesson, while we sit dumb, dreading lest our fate be the same of the beloved Juniors, who being too modest to speak out in the chapel were allowed to recite later in a private room.

Our Mathematics teacher is very tender-hearted and sometimes allows herself to be persuaded, but altho' she has such a yielding manner, when she once sets her head, you can never hope to move it. On examination day one of our Seniors made a dozen or more trips up stairs in order to get an example changed.

Our Science teacher is the soul of enthusiasm and she appreciates our inability to take in the hard theory of Physics. Bring up any question and she will gladly explain your doubt away. If you wish to gain still more time, express your entire disbelief of any such truth and she will explain until she drops, in order to bring you to her way of thinking.

We sincerely hope that these things which we have found out will benefit you, and in addition, we will leave you a few of our privileges.

We leave to the Juniors our privilege of going down street alone and of staying in our rooms during the day. Right here we would warn you. If you are allowed to go to the library at night, on no account must you take your Latin book, and soap is strictly forbidden. If you want to eat soup, eat it in your rooms so as not to alarm the whole house.

We also leave the Juniors our caps and robes and the right of being entertained at the Junior reception.

To our other schoolmates we leave our good record as a guide for them in future years, and with best wishes for your success, we bid you farewell.

SADIE DOWNUM.

BULLETIN BOARD

I positively will not sell stamps
on any day except Monday.

GRACE.

NOTICE!! Seniors are requested to go to the library every night from seven to ten o'clock for recreation.

DESIRED—Some one to play paper-dolls with me every Sunday evening.

ALICE WOOD.

WANTED—A police to guard Kentwood on Sunday afternoons to prevent flirting. A single man preferred.

Open all doors on cold days that Caldwell county may have the benefit of our steam heat.

No company will be allowed to advertise in the Annual two years in succession.

LOST—Top of molasses pitcher.

JUST RECEIVED—A book on how to pronounce Latin.
SALLIE COPPEDGE.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN! A list of girls I meant to report.
MISS WRENN.

WANTED—A Latin Pony. See me quick. LATIN SCHOLAR.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

While eating please do not use curves; they are not graceful.

Report of Alumnae Association

Our Alumnae Association was organized at commencement in 1907, this being the semi-centennial of the college. It has grown steadily in strength and enthusiasm. It has now three scholarships under its supervision, one from Mrs. Geo. Ivey, a member of the Association, a former student, and one of the warmest friends of Davenport; one from Mr. Caleb Dula of New York, in memory of his father, Mr. Sidney Dula, one of the first friends of the institution and a pioneer of Methodism in Lenoir. The other is the scholarship in honor of Mrs. Leila Robey Claywell and supported by the Alumnae Association as a whole.

We decided at the last meeting to hang the portraits of the presidents of the college on the walls of the chapel. We are glad to announce satisfactory progress. One portrait is already there—that of Dr. Charles C. Weaver. Others are in the hands of artists now and will be ready for commencement. Some of the ladies have shown commendable energy and perseverance.

We have a fair enrollment, but would be so glad to have all former students and teachers in the school join us and help in making strong, loyal friends for Davenport, and in preserving the history of her past, the thirst for knowledge she has imparted, the high ideals inspired and the many happy associations enjoyed within her walls and on her grounds.

MRS. M. M. COURTNEY, Pres.

MRS. J. L. NELSON, Sec.

The College Pessimist

Nothing to do but study,
Nothing to study but books;
Nothing to wear round your neck but white,
To try to improve your looks.

Nowhere to go but walking
At five o'clock each day.
Nothing to do but rubber
At those you meet on the way.

Nothing to eat but 'taters
At breakfast, supper and noon.
Nowhere to sit but in chapel
From September until June.

Nothing to hear but "too much fuss!"
When the lights are out and you speak.
Nothing to break but the same old rules
And then be campused a week.

Nothing to write but papers,
So why buy stamps at nine?
No one to see but each other.
No where to fall but in line.

Juniors, Seniors, Sophs and Fresh
Have nowhere to come but to classes.
Nothing to sing but "do re me,"
Nothing to look through but glasses.

Nowhere to get permissions
But the chapel at half past three.
Nothing to answer but questions
Miss Parker always asks me.

The questions are as follows:
"Have you been from your room at night?
Have you been to the kitchen lately?
Have you been burning a light?"

And so forever and ever
There are things we cannot do;
And there are things that we can never
Think of telling you.

R. S.

Heart's Desire

Mae King—*To see "Miss Yessum."*
Lizzie Wrenn—*To keep Sister posted.*
Jennie Osborne—*To go to Asheville again.*
Stella McGhee—*To eat at Miss Parker's table.*
Clara Foard—*To call the mail.*
Marion Long—*To be with Miss Bower.*
Polly Woodham—*To finish reading "Pilgrim's Progress."*
Fannie Fain—*To go after the mail.*
Sallie Coppedge—*To pronounce Latin correctly.*
Eunice Parker—*Some body to court her.*
Dolores Cassells—*To lay all jokes aside.*
Pansy Sumner—*To hear from Grover.*
Rebecca Smith—*To get a pennant nice enough to send to Jimmie*
Lois Steele—*To carry the teacher's mail.*
Ellen Andrews—*To quote all the poetry she has memorized.*
Hazel McAdams—*To let people know she is a cousin of one
of the teachers.*
Student body—*To get "excellent" on English.*
Katie York—*To bark.*
Iva McIntosh—*To be first in the dining-room.*
Alma Holtzclaw—*To go to Aunt Emma's.*
Lucy Jordan—*To look pretty.*
Hazel McAdams {
Katie York } *To have curly hair.*
Ethel Long—*To overtake a snail.*
Elizabeth Penn—*To let everybody know how many Christmas
presents she got.*
Lola Price {
Mamie Slagle } *To get all the information possible about
"lamb-chops."*

College Dictionary

A

ACCIDENT—To be caught in the infirmary by a teacher.
ART ROOM—Cold storage plant.

B

BUST—A mental explosion.

C

CLASS MEETING—Place where the seniors meet to (dis)cuss
Annual work, etc.

CHAPEL—A place where girls study(?)

D

DIPLOMA—"Tis a roll devoutly to be wished.

E

ENGLISH—An unknown language (see Miss Wrenn)

EXAMINATION—"Ay, there's the rub!"

EXCUSE FROM CHURCH—Slight headache.

F

FROST—A lingual preparation used to cover the heads of disobedient pupils.

FACULTY—Honey-bees.

G

GRITS—(see hominy)

GREEN—The campus and its inhabitants.

GIRLS FROM FRANKLIN—Privileged characters.

H

HASH—?

HURRY—Iva McIntosh.

HOMINY—(see grits)

I

I—Ego.

J

JUNIORS—"Much Ado About Nothing."

K

KITCHEN—The place to go when you get hungry. (provided

no teachers are watching)
KENTWOOD—A path near the college noted for its beautiful
scenery.

L

LECTURE—A talk on fashions, etc., usually delivered at
prayers.

LIBRARY—Abode of the Seniors.

M

MAN—“Seen things are sweet, but those unseen are sweet-
er.” (note, we see *girls* every day).

N

NOTHING—0

NUISANCE—Teacher.

P

PONY—A very present help in time of trouble.

PHONE—Public property.

Q

QUESTIONS—Things asked by inquisitive teachers.

R

RAT—A miniature life-preserver.

REPORTERS—Various teachers.

S

SENIORS—Occupants of the library.

T

TEACHER—A nuisance.

U

UNIFORM—Blue coat suit, white waist and variegated collar.

V

VACATION—When the college is vacant.

W

WORK—Getting “ads” for the Annual.

X
Y
Z } Hash.



COLLEGE GIRL'S NIGHTMARE

A Strange Adventure

Somewhere among the mountains of Western North Carolina is a dense wood, extending over about fifty acres of land. So dense it is that no one has ever been able to penetrate its depths. Tangled brush and underwood intertwine so that all passing is prevented and, on account of some very queer noises frequently heard, the superstitious folk round about whisper that it is haunted.

Now three adventurous boys, just out of college, decided that it would be great fun to camp out in that dark, dismal place and explore a little. Of course they did not believe tales about the bottomless well, the pitfalls, and snares, and the awful noises that were heard in the forest and they hoped by their investigations to prove to the ignorant people that their fears were groundless.

Accordingly, on the ninth day of June, Thomas Nelson, Richard Fenton, and Henry Wallace, known to each other and to their friends as Tom, Dick, and Harry, brought all their camping outfit and set up their tent just on the edge of the wood.

You may not think this act very brave, but if you will consider that tho' the boys had been in college and had seen a good deal of the world, they had spent all their childhood among mountain people who were somewhat superstitious and were afraid of spirits, you will change your mind about it, surely and call the boys plucky.

Then too, there were no houses nearer than two miles from the camping ground and if anything had been needed, it would have been some little time before they could get it there. But the young men were bent on having a good time hunting and possibly fishing, if they should find a place, so they entered upon their adventure in high glee. They sat around the camp fire that night and talked over the good old times they had had in school. How they, as Freshmen had been hazed by the Sophomores and how they had played pranks on the teachers.

Finally Dick, taking out his watch said, "Boys, it lacks

about a minute of being twelve o'clock. We must get to sleep, if we do all we have planned for tomorrow." Just then, the most unearthly scream ever heard by mortal ears, rent the air and disturbed their midnight conversation. The boys sprang to their feet, but as they saw nothing and the scream was not repeated, they concluded to roll up in their blankets and wait until day light came to investigate.

* * * * *

A week had passed since that first night of camping, when the jolly campers were so frightened by that shriek. They had heard it every night just at twelve o'clock and had up to this time found no clue to the mystery.

On this night after they had fried their bacon over the coals, they were sitting around eating their supper and telling each other what they had done during the day, for each one always went in a different direction from the others in hope of finding something new.

"Boys", said Tom, "I've found something truly interesting today," At this beginning Dick and Harry roused up and listened intently to what Tom would say.

"I was wandering around near that old pit over on the east side where we killed that big rattler the other day and I saw a kind of opening in the briars. It was small, but I crawled under them for about twenty yards when it opened out into a beaten trail! Oh! don't look so startled, if it is the first path you've heard tell of in this wood, for I tell you I saw it as plain a day. I went along cautiously for I feared that I might come upon some highway-man or robber. I had never thought of the wood hiding a gambling den, or anything of the sort, until I saw that path, which looks like it is traveled every day. Had you all thought of it?"

"No! not till you mentioned it, but I firmly believe now that is just the case and that we will have to kill a few thieves, etc. Oh, won't that be jolly! and our names will get into the papers for being so brave, and—

"Oh! Harry! Harry! do hush your nonsense. You are so quick to jump at conclusions," said Tom. "Let's go to sleep and we'll go and find out all about it tomorrow."

* * * * *

"Tom, I'm going to glance over this newspaper while you and Harry finish breakfast," said Dick, "and then will be ready to go to that place and begin in earnest our explorations."

"Lazy Dick!" said Harry, "but we don't care. Some of us must keep up with the news while we are in this out of the way place."

"Listen here, boys"! and Dick read the following! "About four years ago a man by the name of Ralph Nichols accidentally injured Mr. Joseph Hoyt of this town and at the time it was thought fatal. Mr. Nichols, overwhelmed by the shame and grief, took his little daughter Aileen and disappeared. He has never been heard from since. A short time ago a rich uncle of Mr. Nichols died, leaving him his entire fortune. A snug little sum will be paid by Mr. Hoyt to anyone who can find the missing man, as the lawyers are very much troubled over what to do with the money."

"Breakfast is waiting, throw down that trash and come on" said Harry. But, altho' Dick did as he was advised his thoughts kept turning back to the newspaper item. He wondered how a man could bury himself so far away from social life that he would not respond to this.

* * * * *

"Be careful, boys. Those briars might conceal a mate to that old rattler, for all you know," said prudent Tom. But the boys were hot with excitement now and it would have taken more than a rattle-snake to cool them down.

At last after getting scratched a good deal they emerged into the path that Tom had told them about and, adjusting their knapsacks and guns, they began walking at a quick pace until they came to a fork of the road. Here they hesitated, not knowing which was the way they should go.

"Oh well," said Dick impatiently, "we'll want to explore both paths anyway, let's take the right first". So it was settled and they journeyed on.

"Wonder where in thunder this crazy old pig trail does lead to!" said Harry, wiping the beads of perspiration off his

forehead. "Like as not it is only made by some wild animal, and we won't find any robbers to kill after all."

"Oh, look, Harry," cried Dick excitedly. "Yonder, thro' that opening I see an old shed. Let's go to it at once and see if it will throw any light on our search. It looks as if it might be a barn of some sort."

But the shed revealed nothing to them, when they reached it, for there was no sign of life about it. Then suddenly, Tom, who was cooler-headed than the other two, spied a piece of paper in a crack and hastily snatching it out to read: "If anyone should ever happen to come this way, and should happen to find this paper, let him follow the path at the back of the shed until he comes to this house. I am miserable, will not the finder of this poor little note be my rescuer from this almost prison?

Here the paper was torn and he could not see the name, but he stood pondering over the bit of paper till Dick and Harry read it. Needless to say they were even more excited than Tom.

"Heavens!" exclaimed that worthy, "just think of any one being hidden away in this dreary corner of the earth away from civilization! Don't it beat the Jews?"

After debating a little they concluded to follow the mentioned way and see what it did lead to. They had not gone far when suddenly they came upon a log house. It was such a surprise to them that they drew back for a consultation before going on.

"I say, Tom, what are you going to do about it, old boy?" inquired Dick, who had been very quiet and thoughtful for several moments. "Do you suppose that note could have been written by the girl I was reading about in that old paper this morning? Let's see, her name was Aileen Nichols, but pshaw! of course the two have no connection. Suppose that cabin is the home of thieves! whew! I'm almost afraid to go on. They might be more than a match for us. Possibly that note was to lure us here."

"Well, I'm going!" cried hot-headed Harry, "and I'm going to rescue the lovely Aileen from the hand of her severe old Daddy, then I'll woo her and I'll marry her." Harry was

only twenty, so his youth pleads for his nonsense. Tom, the real leader among the adventurers, had been thinking over what was best to be done. Finally he said, "I wish to goodness you kids would stop your everlasting jabber and talk some sense! I don't see any signs of life whatever about the house and it may be only some former huntsman's camp. As for your theory, Dick, I haven't any idea that such a being as Aileen Nichols ever lived, and if she did she couldn't be here, and even if she were here there is no hope of her marrying such a coward as you, nor such a silly as you, Harry! The place might hold a gambler's den or something of the sort, but I don't believe it. However, let us go and find out what it really is. We are foolish to stand here so long."

Accordingly, they walked boldly up to the cabin, which was a four-roomed log building, and knocked. No answer came so they knocked once more. Then, to their utter astonishment the door creaked back on its rusty hinges and they saw that the hut was occupied—yes, actually someone was living in it then!

When the door first opened the boys were too dazed to see clearly but finally they pulled their wits together and they saw that the occupants were a man and a girl! The man, middle-aged, tho' prematurely old, for his hair was white, was cowering in one corner and as Tom stepped into the room he cried, "Oh! Officer! it was unintentional! Don't carry me to jail! what would become of my little Aileen! Oh! Joseph! Joseph! God knows I wouldn't have killed any man, much less my bosom friend!"

"Man alive! what in creation do you mean! Aileen! Joseph! kill! My God! Dick was right after all!" exclaimed Tom. Then, by degrees he calmed poor Mr. Nichols for it was really he, and told him who they were and all he knew about the newspaper item. At first Mr. Nichols could hardly believe the good news and he kept saying over to himself: "Joseph! alive! and I'm not disgraced! Thank God!" But at last Tom convinced him of the truth and asked him to tell him his story.

Mr. Nichols called Aileen, a lovely girl of about eighteen years, who came from the room where she had been tell-

ing Dick and Harry her sad little history. She had been in the woods for four years with no companion but her father, who was half crazy with fear and where she dared not leave him alone. But she longed for her friends and companions, and she had written that note in hope that some one would find it and come and convine her father of the folly in hiding.

Mr. Nichols and his daughter were over-whelmed with joy at the idea of leaving their miserable abode, for a civilized home, and gladly accompanied the boys back to camp. He told the boys that he had uttered that shriek at midnight every night since he had been there, in hope of frightening away meddlers.

Of course the boys camped no more than summer and carried their investigations no further, but went to the town where Aileen lived with her aunt, and there they found better employment for their vacation time than camping.

* * * * *

June again, and this time the scene opens, not upon a wood, nor yet a camp, but a church. And if you were inside you could hear the minister say, "Thomas, wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife, to honor, love, and protect her, for better or for worse until death do thee part?" And when Tom, for it is our same Tom, murmurs "yes" and slips the ring upon Aileen's slender finger, she looks up into his face with perfect love and trust and we know that they are happy.

And what has become of Dick and Harry? Well, Harry found a dear little black eyed girl among the mountains who made him happy by promising to be his wife, and Dick—Oh! he says he is quite contented to be a bachelor as long as he lives. Harry tells him he is just too lazy to want to marry, but Dick thinks single blessedness is the life to suit him.

M. C.

The Good Teacher

Miss Carr is my teacher: I shall not fail.

She maketh me to sit straight in my chair: She helpeth me over the hard places.

She rebuketh me soundly: She puteth me in the closet of darkness if I scatter paints.

Yea, though I have forgotten the colours for the complexion of babies,

I will ask my teacher, for she is near me: her paint and her brush they remedy all.

She maketh me draw casts before all and in the presence of the graduates: she cracketh my head with brushes: my eyes runneth over.

Surely drawing and painting shall follow me all my life: And I will paint in the courts of kings forever.

E. A.

First night at D.C.



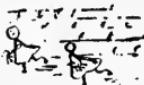
Putting the lights out.

Dining Room.

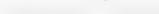


You late.

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Winking.



He--Y--P !!!



A Man on the Campus.



Analytic Geometry Class.



Jokes

Senior: "How many brothers and sisters have you?"
Freshman: "I have five sisters besides myself."

Cora: "Was Solomon the father of David?"
Mamie: "No, Jacob was."

Dolorese: "I want a good book to read."
Librarian: "Well, there are some of Dickens' books."
Dolorese: "Oh! I've read all his books."
Librarian: "There are George Elliott's, then."
Dolorese: "Read his too."
Librarian: "How about Adam Bede?"
Dolorese: "Oh! I have read everything he wrote."

New girl: "Say, does the heat come up through these plastered walls?"

Dolorese (on Sunday School Class) : "Miss McNutt, was the Ark of the Covenant the same ark Noah built?"

Sophomore (who has been absent from English recitation) :
"What is our lesson for next time?"
Another Sophomore: "Miss Wrenn said to read the death of
Morte D'Arthur."

Senior: "Do you want to buy a pennant?"
Sophomore: "I don't know, when do we have to wear them?"

_____: "Miss Parker, may I go to the tooth dentist?"

Carrie: "Dr. Weaver, there is a blind man out here who
wants to see you."
Dr. Weaver: "Yes, I expect he would like to see all of us."

Miss Wrenn: "Decline *he*."
Freshman: "He, she, they."

Stacy: "Mother, an old girl kissed me awhile ago and got flour all over my face."

English teacher: "Tell something important about Milton."
Junior: "Oh, let me see! Why, yes, I know; he had a picture made when he was ten years old."

Teacher: "Girls, tell me some of your grammatical mistakes so I can help you correct them."

Sub-Fresh: "Well, I'll tell you, I've got a awful bad habit of saying 'hain't.' Hain't it wrong to say 'haint?'"



The Psalm of College Life

Tell me not in care-free numbers,
College life is but a dream!
For the girl will flunk that slumbers,
Exams. are not what they seem.

Life is business on the Campus!
Where you have to do things right,
Do just what the teachers tell you,
Labor hard from morn till night.

Trust no teacher, howe'er pleasant.
Trust for safety behind the bed
Act, before the teacher's present
To cover with frost your guilty head.

Lives of hungry girls remind us
We should pay no heed to rules,
But departing take behind us
Light bread to the little fools.

Light bread which perhaps another
Toiling on through frost and pain
Some forlorn and starved out creature
Eating shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any feast,
Still a-grabbing, still a-chewing,
Enjoy our college days at least.

N. P.



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